

permanently so, before it can be safe, or other than a sheer infatuation, to throw ourselves altogether upon popular caprice, for the support of religion and learning. This would not be so wise, even in framing new constitutions upon new ground; much less would it be wise to permit the funds actually devoted by our predecessors to the support of public worship and education, to be invaded."

But as a crowning illustration of the workings of the Voluntary System, we add the following, extracted from the Gambier (Ohio) Observer, which we have reason to believe an unexaggerated account of the hardships and mortifications often endured by those unhappy servants of the altar who depend solely upon the spontaneous bounty of their flocks:—

A WEEK FROM THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

Monday morning.—Rose, much fatigued with the labours of the previous day, having travelled 15 miles in the morning, preached three discourses, and returned home at evening. Found my family out of wood and flour. Went to brother Johnson's, three miles for wood, but found he could bring none till sleighing. Went to brother Thompson's for meat. He said every pound of pork he had to spare would bring him the cash,—gave a belly piece at a shilling a pound, and said it must go on his subscriptions. Returned home at sunset. Went in the evening to the mill for flour—purchased a barrel for eleven dollars, promised to pay at the end of the next quarter.

Tuesday.—Wife sick, in consequence of cold house and no wood—hired-girl, a dissenter, gone to camp meeting. Spent the day in nursing wife and taking care of children. Towards evening brother Robinson brought a load of green beach limbs, and ordered a dollar credited on his subscription.

Wednesday.—Called to attend funeral at 2 o'clock P. M.—Ran till noon in search of a conveyance. Procured a horse of brother Wilson, a carriage of brother Jilson, and waggon of brother Sampson. Rode 12 miles over hubs: preached in a barn—the house being too small to accommodate: received the thanks of the family, and a bushel of apples; rode home in the rain, and paid ten shillings for conveyance. Called at the Post Office—met Owen Gibben, the infidel, who railed me about priest-craft, and a priest-ridden people, and gave some hints about the indolence and luxury of the clergy, "living upon the fat of the land."

Thursday.—Sick of the cold, from yesterday's exposure, went to bed after breakfast, and took a bone-set sudorific.

Friday.—Rose much better; did up morning chores; took up Bible to look up text for Sunday: interrupted by a friend who called to request my attendance at a wedding in the evening, ten miles distant. Put down book and went again to seek conveyance; procured the same on Wednesday, at the same price. Went to Wedding—married parties—received a five franc piece from the hand of the groomsmen, with the compliments of the groom, and returned in the dark and through a snow-storm.

Saturday.—Cut wood all forenoon, to last over Sunday. Brother Todd called to belabour me for not visiting more in my society. Looked out texts after dinner, and started at 2 o'clock for S. 18 miles off, to spend the sabbath, and prepared sermons on the way.

Sunday.—Day stormy. Preached three discourses to thin audiences, in three different neighbourhoods—went to bed with a severe headache, resolving to travel westward in search of a location.

THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

LUNENBURG, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1837.

The CLERICAL SOCIETY of this District will meet (D. V.) at Chester, on Wednesday and Thursday the 18th and 19th of October.

CANADIAN CHURCH.—The Rev. Messrs. Bettridge and Cronyn of Upper Canada, have been for some time engaged in England in urging the wants of the Church in that quarter; and, as we perceive by our contemporary, they have been very successful in making collections.—In

June, these had reached the sum of £931 4 6. Why might not the like success attend a similar attempt in behalf of the waste places in the diocese of Nova-Scotia?

The Archdeacon of Kingston was to hold a visitation of the clergy in his Archdeaconry on the 6th Sept. The decease of Bishop Stewart makes no change in the functions of the Bishop of Montreal, but takes from him £1000

a year, which had been ceded to him out of the salary of the Bishop of Quebec, which whole salary, we are informed, has fallen with the late incumbent, and in the present state of affairs is not likely to be renewed. There is a report notwithstanding, that a new Bishop has been appointed, a Dr. Hawell of Stockport, England, said to be a "learned and exemplary man."

We perceive by a late No. of the "Church," that—"in the diocese of Quebec there are probably not less than 300 congregations of the church of England, regularly served; and in Upper Canada nearly 10,000 persons are now found to kneel at church of England altars, and more than that number are probably admitted yearly, by the baptismal sign, into her fold."

SHEDIAC.—Although some account of the remarkable hail storm which visited this thriving village in August, has already appeared, we will not withhold the following remarks with which a correspondent has favoured us, and which we have but just received:—

"On Saturday August 19th, the village of Shediac, N. B. was visited with a most awful and terrific storm of hail. The storm raged with the greatest violence in the village, where in the short space of a mile, between eight and nine hundred panes of glass were broken, and about half of the grain and garden vegetables utterly destroyed. The church and rectory escaped the violence of the storm, much better than the majority of the buildings. Only 23 panes of glass were broken in the church, but as many of these were in the pointed parts of the windows, which are of the Gothic structure, they are not very easily replaced. The shower of hailstones continued for about ten minutes only: one of which was measured, and found to be one inch and a half in length, and three quarters of an inch in depth. A raftsmen in coming down the Shediac River, was struck with a hailstone in the forehead, which so stunned him as to cause him to fall from the raft into the water.—In this dispensation, let us turn our thoughts to Him who rules over the storm and tempest, and who "casteth forth his ice like morsels;" for "who is able to abide his frosts?" If the storm had continued even for an hour, the destruction of grain, &c. would have been as great as that occasioned by the frosts of the preceding year. Gratitude should therefore be the prevailing sentiment of our minds, for such indulgence as we have received; and no murmuring or discontent with the ways of God should be cherished even for a moment. "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good."

MELANCHOLY CASUALTY.—The following extract from a letter dated Chatham, N. B. 7th ultimo, gives a melancholy illustration of that solemn truth in our burial service—"In the midst of life we are in death."

"An English church is building in this neighbourhood; the contractors for which are two respectable men in our community—Frost & Hodgson: the latter of whom was a pious and highly useful member of society, and the father of six children. This good man took leave of his family yesterday at dinner hour, for the last time. For some weeks a dark cloud of foreboding had hung heavily over his mind, and damped the usual vivacity of his spirits.—This circumstance he frequently mentioned to his friends. Towards evening, as the sun was about setting, his men were engaged on the top of the spire, on a scaffolding, and he in the church below. A little girl who was said to have been picking up chips near to the door of the church, states that he came out, calling—"I'm coming! I'm coming!" as if he fancied some one called him outside. As soon as he had got a few feet outside the door, some one on the

spire above, had occasion to cast off a board end, which coming down perpendicularly, struck him on the head, and almost cut it in two—so that in less than 10 seconds he must have been removed from time to Eternity! He was a kind father, an affectionate friend, a devoted and tender husband; and is indeed much lamented in this place,—yet in the midst of his days and of his usefulness, it has pleased the Allwise Disposer of Events to take him hence."

BISHOP STEWART.—We have copied from the Quebec Gazette in another column, a brief sketch of this lamented Prelate; but we are persuaded that all who knew his worth will not think it too much to read the further notice which the reverend Editors of the "Church" have taken of their beloved Diocesan.

"He was, emphatically, an Apostolic Bishop;—single hearted and sincere in his devotion to the Redeemer's cause; of never-tiring zeal in extending the blessings of that faith which was so precious to himself; a self-denying follower in the steps of that crucified Master who "gave himself a ransom for all."

"Allied by birth to the wealthy and titled of the realm; approaching, in family connexion, close to the grade of royalty itself,—the departed bishop left, in the days of his brightest earthly promise, the home and country of his fathers, and toiled for years, like the humblest of Christ's devoted labourers, amongst the scattered sheep in the wilds of Canada. And long will they, amongst whom his first missionary years were spent, remember the warmth of unaffected piety, the devoted earnestness of zeal, and the boundless benevolence of heart, by which his faithful declaration of the Gospel message was uniformly accompanied.

"Untutored in the ways of the world, a stranger to its intrigues, and unambitious of its perishable and unsatisfying honours, he bore to the Episcopal throne the simple and unostentatious spirit of the Missionary;—transferring to those who now constituted his more especial charge the same anxious care and paternal affection which had so eminently characterized him as the pastor of a flock. Who, indeed, amongst the Clergy of this Diocese, had not experienced from our departed Bishop the sympathy of a friend and the kindness of a father?

"Much might we say in grateful recollection of that Apostolic prelate,—who had known him so long and well, who saw his Christian character developed under so many varieties of circumstances who had been honoured by so many tokens of his undeserved favour and regard! Under every circumstance of care and trial, putting often to the test his Christian fortitude and firmness, our lamented Bishop continued on the same unvarying, even minded Christian, knowing no will but His who bade his disciples "follow Him;"—actuated by no ambition but that of being the humble instrument, in his God and Saviour's hand, of bringing many to the "knowledge of the truth."

"His Lordship, as has been often remarked, had grown prematurely aged. The toilsome duties of his missionary life, and the complicated cares of the Episcopate,—borne at a period when so many outward causes of discouragement were added to anxiety from within, had, earlier than his years would seem to cause, enfeebled his frame, and relaxed the vigour of his mind.

"To the last, his thoughts were intent upon the work which was "given him to do;"—and ourselves have seen him, since the disease which has terminated his useful life had gained, as all believed, a fatal hold upon him,—in intervals of bodily weakness and mental prostration, gathering up his energies, and speaking with wonted animation upon the plans and prospects of his arduous duties.

"Cherishing towards him, as we know all our brethren did sentiments not merely of reverential affection as their spiritual Father in God, but of filial love as their never-varying personal friend and benefactor, we feel that there is one wish of which his clergy will mourn the disappointment,—that they might have received their Bishop's blessing before he died!

"He has finished his course and fought the good fight; and, with the fullest assurance of faith, we believe that he has exchanged the earthly mitre for a heavenly crown."